

6 ♦ Poetry

Then fall the trees

Ryan Woods

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.

Clouds swiped about the background,
Brushes and bristles and brooms
Swashed in white and blue.

The old song of wheat in waves,
The Lieder and the lyre and the rye.
And so it plays.

Darker and Lighter; reach the golden orb;
Feel the invigorating bath of its rays;
A child playing, worry-free in the sun
in the sun in the sun in the sun in the sun

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.

Did I speak of the blue mountains?
The baby-blue mountains,
Snug on the horizon,
Smiling,
Their eyes in the cotton sky.
Did I?

Aged, Aged
Bristles in the eyes
The cotton dies
But still play the Lieder.

Baby-blue mountains,
Old now too,
A darker blue,
And dryer

The dry sun has withered and cracked the trees

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.

Lying in the waving wheat
Naked feet
Summer-clothed

All around are golden lights that hail in the joy the trumpet joy
Shafts of gold
And dandelion.

Naked both,
In love.
No more.

A typewriter
Hah! I never used one.
But I can imagine,
The slashing, smacking,
Clicking, clacking
Black on white

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.

The heavens sneeze
And flee the clouds,
Running,
Half-joking
(But half-afraid,
Like children)

I see children, now.
They look like supercharged
Forms of energy
Bursting forth in socially-acceptable madness

I was a child once

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.

Is a tear like a raindrop?

It rains.
See how the sheet is pulled over us,
And we are covered in the darker gray;
The white has fled from us,
So has the sun.

The rain on naked flesh is
Primal,
Sexy,
Slimy

See the baby-blues now?
See how they become purple in the rain,
In the transparent sheet of rain?

There are waves in the sea
Which are wet
And the waves of wheat
Are not.

Andsoonandsoonandsoon

I was a child once.
I were children once.
They were me once.
I was once them.
Then I was one of them I was
I really was
I really was

Sometimes I lose track of myself,
When the trail of thought takes a turn
Away from the rut, well-worn in time,
Toward the trees on the side

Look at these trees!

Molly, please,
Can we follow the Lieder?

See how they reach the golden orb?
See how they feel the invigorating bath of its rays?

Like a baby in a golden bath;
The golden sun-shower of a universe's birth.

How ethereal, serial, surreal, irreal, unreal, funwheel

Then fall the trees
And dies the mother.